

various fruits and foliage, and flowers of a thousand different hues and odours, painted the parterre. It was furnished with water from the adjacent mountains, which pouring down a natural cascade, was afterwards divided into smaller streams, and distributed to every part of the garden. The murmuring of these little rills, and the soft melody of the birds, gave the mind a peculiar turn to solemn musing; and as Selima's was naturally disposed to reflection, she enjoyed this recess with double pleasure, and never left it but with extreme regret.

She was now in her twenty-first year, and was often rallied by her cousin Zara on her fondness for retirement: to what end, she would say, is all that enchanting bloom, and eyes sparkling with the most vivid lustre, if not employed to those purposes for which they were designed? You are formed for love, enjoy it in all its pleasures: young Ibrahim pants for a sight of you, and, though contrary to our rules, I have promised to use all my interest for his admittance. I tremble, replied Selima, at the proposal, and can by no means consent to such an interview; it is contrary to my duty, offends my delicacy, and troubles my repose: the pleasures of love are too tumultuous, and little suited to a heart like mine. Zara was silent; yet still determined to pursue her point, and withdraw her cousin

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from a solitude she thought so injurious to her, and which, in her opinion, was only proper for the old, the melancholy, and the deformed.

It was in one of those fine autumnal evenings, which, in the southern parts of Persia, are so delightful, that she proposed to Selima to take a walk along the banks of the Zenderoud, with an intention to carry her to a house in the suburbs of Isfahan, where Ibrahim had formed a party to entertain them. The moon and stars shown with uncommon splendor, and were reflected from the surface of the river with additional lustre: the woodbines and jacinthes, which grew in great profusion, filled the air with their fragrance; and the trembling leaves, which the dying gales had yet left in motion, diversified the scene, and made it altogether charming. How transporting, cried Selima, are these rural delights! I taste them pure and unmixed! Alas how different from those delusive pleasures which play upon the senses for a moment, and leave nothing behind them but uneasiness and regret! You are much mistaken, interrupted Zara, if you think there are no other amusements that you are capable of relishing; and if you are pleased to permit me, I will immediately conduct you whether you will meet with joys, of which these are but the shadow.

G 3

Amazement